

G.H Hooked 111

Chapter 111

Olivia felt like she was in a long dream.

In the dream, Dad, Mom, and Uncle Wallace were still alive, and Ian was a cheerful boy that loved being by her side. Johnny, on the other hand, was wiping the chocolate off the corner of her mouth as he lovingly said, "My hungry kitten."

She was smiling. She could not stop smiling.

However, she suddenly tasted a hint of bitterness from the corner of her lips. Then, she realized her cheeks were wet.

Why was she crying?

She was having a wonderful, happy time, so what was there to cry about?

At that moment, Dorothy came walking towards them, dressed in a white dress, and everyone moved to greet her with a smiling face, except Olivia herself. She was frozen to the spot.

Before she realized it, everyone else was standing opposite her. John was looking lovingly at Dorothy, and it was almost like she was just an extra in a play.

Olivia was terrified. Her tears would not stop flowing. She struggled to pull Dorothy and John apart but could not grab onto anything even as she reached out to them.

Suddenly, she sat up with a jolt on her bed, her eyes open wide and staring straight ahead.

"Dad, Mom, Ian..."

At the same time, Zyla walked into the room with chicken soup in her hands. When she saw that Olivia was awake, she rushed over to help her up.

“Lie down for now, Sis Liv. Your head...”

Before Zyla could finish, she panicked. “I’ll get the doctor! Your head is bleeding!”

Olivia grabbed her hands and said, “No need. I’m fine. We’ll see later if I need any medical intervention.”

Zyla saw how pale Olivia was, how her forehead was covered with cold sweat, and how her eyes were swollen from crying. Thus, she did not force Olivia to tell her the truth. Zyla just sat by her bed, pulled Olivia into her arms, and comforted her. “Sis Liv, if anything’s making you feel uncomfortable, just tell me. I’ll listen to you.”

Olivia heard what Zyla said and bit her lips. She turned around to hug her and rested

her head on Zyla’s shoulders, but she did not say a word.

After a few minutes, she lifted up her head and rubbed her eyes with the back of her hands roughly.

“Why are you here?”

“I called you, but no one answered, and since I was going to be at the hospital anyway, I decided to investigate Dorothy. Then, I saw Mr. Freeman sending you to the emergency department. I was worried that something might have happened to you, so I only came in after he left.”

“Where is he?”

“He left. Don’t worry. He didn’t see me.”

Olivia could tell how careful Zyla was from the way she spoke. She pursed her lips." Zyla, I'm afraid he'll hurt you."

She's

said that only to see Zyla break into a smile. "Sis Liv, you can stop worrying about that. With Mr. Freeman's resources, it will be no problem for him to find me. I just hope I have a chance to help you."

Olivia was a little confused. "Why are you being so kind to me? We're rightly strangers to each other."

"Because of fate, Sis Liv! I like you a lot."

Olivia's heart was filled with joy as she watched Zyla smile. She forced a smile and said, "I like you a lot as well."

"Here, have some chicken soup. Mr. Quinton will be out of town these next few days, so if you need help, you can call him."

"Did he tell you all that?"

"Yeah. He knows that you're strong-willed and don't like seeking help, but Sis Liv, how can you win this battle alone?"

Olivia's eyes darkened as she thought about it.

She never expected her sweet brother to throw a vase at her just because of what Dorothy said to him.

There was a sharp pang in her heart. It was like her heart was in a tug-of-war match.

John did not stop him. It looked like he also believed what Dorothy said.

Olivia still wanted to take back the Larson's Residence, but how could she do it now?

3/3

Suddenly, she coughed. As she covered her mouth in pain, blood gushed up from her throat, and she could not stop it no matter how hard she tried.

Olivia opened up her palm. It was colored with blood.

Chapter 112

Zyla quickly took a piece of tissue paper and wiped Olivia's hand clean. Then, she took out some medicine, passed it to Olivia, and said, "Here's your medicine, Sis Liv."

After taking her medication, Olivia closed her eyes. She no longer dared to think about the Larson's Residence.

Zyla did not stay for long. After watching Olivia finish her chicken soup, she packed everything up and left.

Right after Zyla left, John came in. As he sat on the stool, he seemed to realize that there was residual heat on it. He frowned. His dark pools of eyes bore deep into Olivia's.

"Who came here?"

"No one."

"Olivia Larson, how dare you! How dare you get your b*stard men to come to even the hospital for you?"

Olivia saw that he was angry and felt a sharp pain in her heart. Then, she sneered. "Why, have I wounded your heart again, Mr. Freeman?"

John stood up when he saw that Olivia did not refute what he said. He pinched her chin tightly like he was trying to take her apart.

"Olivia Larson, it looks like you still haven't learned from your mistakes."

"Mr. Freeman, how have I not learned from my mistakes? You make my own brother throw a vase at my head while calling me a b*tch who killed his parents. How could I forget that?"

John shuddered when he heard Olivia address him as Mr. Freeman. An unknown fire sprung up from his heart.

"Mr. Freeman? Olivia Larson, I'm your husband!"

Husband?

Olivia laughed mockingly. "So? My husband would never allow another woman to destroy the Larson family and would never bring his mistress home to live with him."

"You're really tired of living now, aren't you?"

John released his hand and barked coldly, "Guards, bring her to the little black hut."

Little black hut?

Olivia trembled. She was like a living corpse as she allowed the bodyguards to drag

her out.

The man she had loved for 17 years had an unlimited number of ways to torture her. She was tired both physically and mentally.

After a long time in the car, she was dragged out in a daze and thrown straight into at

little hut.

There was no ventilation inside the hut, and it was pitch black. There were also draughts of a rotten smell in the air she was breathing in.

The scene pulled her back to that night 17 years ago, which made her back pool with sweat and her legs lose their strength.

John stood at the door and watched her from above. "Olivia Larson, you will stay here and think about your mistakes!"

As long as this place was locked from the outside, no matter how hard Olivia threw herself against the door, she would not be able to escape.

This time, he did not have to worry about her running away.

Olivia crawled over to John and yanked on the leg of his trousers, her bloodshot eyes staring at him with great fear in them. Her ashen lips shivered as she asked, "Johnny, did you really forget about it, or are you doing this on purpose?"

She was afraid of the dark, and she was more afraid of small dark spaces like this.

However, John had picked this place out deliberately for her to reflect on her actions!

John yanked his leg away, turned to look coldly at her, and slammed the door without saying a word.

After hearing the sound of the chain locking the door from outside, Olivia shrieked, "I hate you, John Freeman!"

He did not forget. He had done this on purpose!

She had always felt sad because she thought that he had forgotten his promise from 17 years ago, but now, her heart felt like it had been dug out of her chest.

The pain was unbearable.

The man that rescued her 17 years ago had now thrown her into a black hut 17 years

later.

Olivia smiled mockingly. She had now understood.

John Freeman was trying to kill that hopeful young girl from 17 years ago, and he was using his actions to tell her that the promise he gave her 17 years ago meant nothing to him now!

If that was the case, why did she have to still hold onto whatever happened 17 years

ago?

Olivia curled up in the corner and looked at her surroundings with fear. At that very moment, the thunder started rumbling outside, and soon, it started pouring rain.

She shivered. Why were the heavens against her as well?

Xx

Chapter 113

John was sitting in the backseat of the Maybach. He saw lightning flash across the skies, and his heart trembled a little.

“Wes, what happened 17 years ago?”

Wes paused and looked at John from his rearview mirror. “Sir, don’t you remember?”

“Was it something important?”

“Yes. I heard that 17 years ago, Madam was abducted during a stormy night and thrown into an enclosed hut.”

John felt a pang in his heart. He always told himself that Olivia had brought it all upon herself, but he could not stop himself from worrying.

At that moment, it started pouring rain outside the car, and the raindrops were hitting the car like pellets.

John frowned, looked outside once more, and said, “Turn around.”

Wes’ heart jumped for joy. It looked like Sir still cared about Madam.

He quickly turned the car around and sped towards the little hut.

However, before he could reach the hut, John got a phone call from Dorothy.

“Johnny, where did you and Liv go? It’s raining and thundering out there. I’m really afraid.”

“I’m in the office. You stay at home, okay?”

“Okay...”

Suddenly, a huge bang, like the sound of something toppling over, was heard, and Dorothy screamed. Then, the phone call ended.

John frowned. He called back frantically, but no one picked up the phone.

“Turn around!”

“Sir, but you haven’t gotten Madam yet...”

“I said turn around. Don’t you understand?”

Wes was frightened by the look in John’s eyes and quickly turned around. “Where are we going?”

“To the Cliffside Villa.”

Once Wes heard their destination, he knew that it was Dorothy b*tch playing tricks

once again.

Even he could see it clearly, so why could Sir and Young Master Ian not see that?

Dorothy Ellis was clearly the problem. Madam was such a kind person. How was it possible for her to do all those outrageous things?

“What about Madam...”

“Ignore her. She won’t get wet inside the hut, and she won’t die even if she doesn’t eat or drink for a while. We’ll first take a look at Dolly. Something might have happened in the Cliffside Villa.”

Wes still wanted to say something, but all his words were stuck inside his throat.

Hang in there, Madam!

The car sped towards Cliffside Villa, but there was an unknown frustration in John’s heart.

He should go check on Dolly. She saved her life, so how could he forgive himself if anything happened to her?

However, Olivia’s shriek of despair kept repeating in his head. “I hate you, John Freeman!”

He had been torturing her all this while, but it seemed like he was very scared of her no longer loving him and hating him.

No. How could she really hate him?

17 years. It had been 17 years. How was it possible that she could let him go?

Even if he had forgotten.

At the same time, a car stopped right outside the little hut. Zyla ran out in the rain to see that the locks on the door had been fortified. She could not yank the door open, nor could she smash the locks.

She banged on the door frantically and yelled, “Sis Liv, can you hear me?”

There was no response inside.

Zyla panicked. The rain was getting heavier, and with the thunder and lightning

going on, she was afraid as well. However, when she remembered that Olivia was

still locked inside, she could not care less about being soaking wet. She kept trying to pick the lock.

You have to be okay, Sis Liv!

Suddenly, her phone rang. It was Zac.

“Mr. Quinton.”

Zac had just got down from the plane and saw that it was raining. He was a little worried. “Where are you?”

“Mr. Quinton, something happened to Sis Liv. Come quick! She’s been locked inside a little black hut, and I can’t open the lock...”

She was so worried she nearly cried. Her feet stomped on the ground. “Come quick! I can’t open the lock. Sis Liv is afraid of the dark...”

Chapter 114

This was the first time Zac heard Zyla cry, and it shocked him. He asked quickly, “Where?”

Zyla looked around and saw that the place she was at was an extremely rural location with no landmarks at all.

“I... I don’t know as well. I’ll send you my location.”

“Okay. I’ll be there right away.”

Once he hung up the phone, Zac got a skilled locksmith and drove quickly toward the location Zyla was at.

Olivia had been abducted once before. She was afraid of the dark. He knew that. Especially on such a dark and stormy night. This must be like a nightmare to her.

At that moment, Olivia’s consciousness started to fade.

The wound on her head would not stop bleeding, and when combined with her already existing fear, caused her to go into an oxygen- and blood-deprived state. She felt like she heard someone call out to her, but she could not hear clearly, so she could not respond.

It was like she had been sent back to that rainy night 17 years ago. She hugged her knees and moved to the side, but her teeth would not stop chattering. There was a pain in her lower abdomen, and it felt like a warm gush had pooled near her thighs.

The baby...

She was so afraid. Would anyone come to rescue her?

After a very long time, a streak of light finally poured in, and a shadow rushed in from the outside and carried the nearly unconscious Olivia up from the ground.

He ran and yelled, “Liv? Liv, wake up! Don’t sleep!”

Who was it?

Her eyes were blurry from the rain. She could not see who it was, but she was sure that the person was a man, just like the young man from 17 years ago.

She murmured, "Johnny..." before completely passing out.

When Olivia woke up again, it was the morning of the second day.

She opened her eyes in a daze and looked around. She knew she was back at the hospital.

She had just breathed a sigh of relief when she touched her belly.

Before she passed out, she had felt pain in her lower abdomen. Did her baby leave her again?

"Don't worry. The baby's okay."

A gentle voice rang out from over her head.

Olivia lifted her head to see Zac holding a bowl of chicken soup. "You're awake." he said. "Come, eat something."

Olivia cradled her head and sat up from the bed. "You saved me?"

"Yeah. Zyla was so frightened for you that she cried."

Zyla...

"Where is she?"

"She's next door. She was in the rain, so she caught the flu. She had her flu jab, but now, she refuses to come to see you because she's afraid she might pass the flu bug to you."

When Zac finished speaking, he laughed. "That brat. It's the first time I've ever seen her cry."

Olivia paused. Ever since she met Zyla, she had always been cheerful. She had never cried.

To think that a girl like that had cried for her. To think that Zyla was sick because of her! Olivia felt a little guilty.

"Where is she? I wanna visit her."

"Please just rest. She's fine. Don't feel bad."

Olivia looked at Zac and felt like he had eagle eyes. How could he so clearly see through her?

"Okay. Come eat."

Olivia had no appetite at all, so she shook her head. "I don't feel like eating."

Zac sighed. "I know you don't feel well, but if you don't eat, how are you going to get your revenge?"

Then, he fished out a bottle from his bag. "This is an anti-cancer medicine that my friend just invented. Be a lab rat and test this for him, won't you?"

"But..."

"Don't worry. It won't harm the baby. In fact, it'll help stabilize the pregnancy."

“Really?”

Olivia took the medicine from Zac’s hands and was just about to eat it when Zac’s phone rang.

“Did you take Olivia Larson away? Where is she?”

Chapter 115

“Put her on the phone!”

Zac hesitated for a moment before he stood up and walked out. “You don’t need to

know about that.”

“Mr. Quinton, is that Johnny?”

Zac paused in his tracks and covered his phone. “No. It’s a work call.”

Olivia pursed her lips and forced a smile. “Mr. Quinton, we can’t hide from trouble if it wants to find us. Give me the phone. Let me tell him.”

The two of them had a silent battle for a while before Zac passed his phone to her.

Olivia cleared her throat, lifted her head to make her tears flow back, and said, “John Freeman, I hate you! I don’t wanna see you!”

Before today, if you were to ask her, she would be sure that she was still very in love

with John.

However, after being thrown into the little black hut, she was unsure of that.

The young man who was once her bringer of light had thrown her into the darkness himself, snuffing out all light and hope.

It seemed like she was... truly tired now.

Her voice was calm and firm, but it was also cold. At the other end of the phone call, John's heart shuddered, and he felt sad for some reason.

"What did you say, Olivia?"

"I said, John Freeman, I hate you! I don't wanna see you!"

Olivia's face was stoic as she repeated her words, her tone colder than the last time

she said it. She also said it much faster the second time around.

"How dare you, Olivia Larson! I'll definitely find you!"

A stream of tears flowed down Olivia's cheeks. She smirked. "We'll see whether you'll manage to find me."

Before John could speak another word, she hung up.

Zac knew that she was holding back, and he felt sorry for her. He frowned, sat down, and patted Olivia on the shoulder. "Don't worry. I'll make arrangements for your

accommodation."

Olivia wiped her face carelessly and said, "No, Mr. Quinton, Johnny will be able to find me for sure. It's just a matter of time. I don't want to get you involved in this. Not you, nor Zyla."

"What about you..."

Olivia came down from the bed, raised the medicine bottle towards Zac, and said, "Thank you. Really."

Zac wanted to stop her, but after he saw how resilient and firm she was, he stopped in his tracks and did not go any further.

This woman might look frail, but she was stubborn and strong on the inside.

He also knew that from that moment on, she merely wanted to find a place to be alone, so she could nurse her wounds.

He wanted to keep her company, but he knew he had more important things to do.

Frankly, Olivia had no idea where she could go.

After getting into a taxi outside the hospital, she was stunned when the driver asked her where she wanted to go. She instinctively said, "Larson's Residence."

Larson's Residence was in a more secluded area, so after the taxi drove away from the city, Olivia was the only person left in sight.

It had been two years since anyone came for maintenance at the Larson's Residence, so it was filled with weeds on both the inside and outside.

When Olivia pushed the door open, a dried leaf fell into her hands. It was quickly swept away by the wind into the mud nearby.

It had rained the day before, so there was lots of mud everywhere. The moment the fallen leaf dropped into the mud, it was quickly stained.

Olivia laughed bitterly. Her life was exactly like that fallen leaf's fate.

The backyard was not locked, so she walked in. Looking at how familiar yet unfamiliar the place looked, her tears flowed out of her eyes once more.

When did she become such a crybaby?

The main living place was locked, so she could only sit under the extended roof by the wall. The autumn breeze blew past her, and she felt a little cold, so she tugged her clothes a little tighter around her and stared quietly at the door.

She could not forget how yesterday, at this exact place, her brother smashed a vase

on her head because he wanted to defend Dorothy.

What kind of life had her brother lived for the past two years to become so

brainwashed?

—

On the other hand, after being hung up by Olivia, John swiped the vase beside him onto the ground in a fit of rage.

Chapter 116

Yesterday night when John rushed back to the Cliffside Villa, the only thing he saw was Dorothy fainted in the living room with blood on her body. He could only send her to the hospital immediately.

After her condition became stable, he drove to the little black hut at midnight.

He wanted to save Olivia, but what would be the outcome of that?

When he arrived, he immediately saw that the lock had been pried open and that there were two wheel marks on the ground. He did not see anything else.

He had reached out to her, but all he received was an 'I hate you'.

John snorted and punched the glass with full force.

The glass immediately shattered, and the fragments stained with his blood fell to the ground, making a crisp sound as they fell.

Wes quickly ran inside and was shocked upon seeing John's bleeding hand. He went to take the medical kit.

"Sir, your hand is bleeding."

John did not care much about his wound. He turned to Wes and questioned him. "I loved her so much. Why did she betray me? She doesn't have the right to hate me!"

Wes ran over with the medical kit. "Sir, let me treat your wound."

"Why? Why is she doing this to me?"

'She doesn't want to see me. How could she not want to see me?'

Wes carefully bandaged John's hand. "Sir, Madam has loved you from the beginning until now, but..."

Before Wes could finish his sentence, John grabbed his collar. "But what? Am I not good enough to her?"

"How can she ignore Ms. Ellis's presence?"

John swung him off and loosened his own tie. He felt like Wes could not provide him an actual answer either, so he calmed himself down.

"Go find out where she is right now!"

"Mr Quinton's phone location shows that he is at the hospital."

"Sir, your hand..."

John looked down at his bleeding hand, put on his jacket, and glared at Wes. "Get the car. Don't make me repeat myself."

Wes did not dare to go against him, so he went to get the car.

John kept quiet throughout the entire journey as if nothing had happened earlier.

Wes could clearly see that John was still in love with Olivia. However, John clearly did not think the same with how he had unleashed all his hatred toward her, making the both of them part ways.

When they reached the hospital, John rushed into Olivia's ward. "Olivia Larson!"

However, before he could continue, he noticed that Olivia was nowhere in the room. Only Zac was there.

His expression darkened even more. "What are you doing here?"

"Waiting for you."

Zac turned around and glanced over all of John coldly.

"John Freeman, we've known each other for more than twenty years, and I know you way better than Olivia. But now, you seem like a stranger to me."

"Zac Quinton, what are you trying to say?"

"What am I trying to say? I'm saying that you've become stupid! I got hit by a car on the night you sent Olivia to jail. Do you know who did that?"

John glanced at him coldly and asked, "Who?"

"The Larson family's previous driver, Ben Wilson."

John sneered. "You didn't expect Olivia to want to kill you as you've been protecting her all these while, yeah?"

Zac stared at John in disbelief and snorted, "You've really become stupid. Ben pursued Dorothy before this, and it was rumored that they dated for a few months. In the end, Dorothy could not get over his insignificant background, so she dumped him. So, who do you think wanted to kill me now?"

John was taken aback. "No. That's impossible. Dolly is a kind person. How could she kill someone?"

"Kind? Which part of her is kind, in your opinion?"

Zac was so amused by John. He took out a report and gave it to him. "Look at this. This is a report on your kind Dorothy."

Chapter 117

John looked over the report unwillingly. He understood every word separately, but he was confused when he read them all together.

He looked at Zac suspiciously. "What do you mean? Is this a falsified report?"

"Mr. Freeman, you're not just stupid now, but you can't read as well?"

Zac laughed coldly. "Dorothy said that Olivia caused her miscarriage, but look carefully. She was diagnosed infertile three years ago."

"Impossible! Dolly was..."

"She told you that she was pregnant, right? She was just using it as bait to take over Liv's status as your main woman, but unfortunately, she failed."

"Zac Quinton! How can you accuse Dolly of that? She saved me two years ago!"

John was a grateful person, so he never forgot about Dorothy's kidney.

Which was why as long as he was alive, he would satisfy any requests from her.

Even though he never loved her.

Zac shook his head helplessly and with grief.

“John, then what about Olivia? You refuse to believe me when I show you evidence against Dorothy Ellis, but you’re willing to believe everything she says when it comes to anything related to Olivia. You told me that Liv was the light of your life and that you would love her forever. But look at all of this now. What has she become after all the torturing from you?”

John shivered a little. He lowered his head and kept quiet.

Half a moment later, he raised his head to look at Zac with scorching eyes and clenched his teeth. “What is it, Zac? Are you falling for her?”

“Yes, I have feelings for Liv. I feel sorry for how strong she has to be! Are you satisfied now?”

John was stunned, and he froze on the spot.

Back then, Zac would have denied it, by now he admitted it without considering the consequences

John rushed forward and grabbed Zac’s collar before throwing him onto the ground. “Zac Quinton! One cannot covet thy neighbor’s wife! Did you forget that?!”

“I remember, but how have you been treating her as your wife? John, ask yourself, do you think what you’re doing is humane?”

The two got into a brawl with each other, and John pushed Zac onto the ground.” Where is she?!”

“I won’t tell you!”

“Are you trying to cut ties with me?!”

“I don’t care!”

The two finally got separated after Wes called the bodyguards over.

John swung the bodyguards off and pulled off his tie angrily. "Wes, go investigate wherever the hell Olivia Larson is, now!"

At that moment, his phone rang, but he declined the call after seeing Dorothy's name on the screen.

Right before he left, he glared at Zac ruthlessly. "I will kill you if you dare to touch her!"

Zac wiped off the blood on the corner of his mouth after John left and leaned against the wall, panting heavily.

Zyla was shocked when she saw him like this upon entering the room.

"Mr. Quinton, what happened? Where's Sis Liv?"

"She's gone."

"Gone? Did that scumbag John Freeman take her again?"

"No. She left on her own, but I have no idea where she went."

Zyla let out a sigh of relief. 'As long as it's not John, then it's fine.'

She helped Zac move aside and took out some alcohol to sanitize his wounds. "Mr. Quinton, do you have feelings toward Sis Liv?"

Zac was taken aback before he nodded. "Maybe."

“Mr. Quinton, if it’s possible, I do hope that you can bring Sis Liv far away from here. You’re better than John Freeman, at the very least.”

“How about you?”

“What about me?”

Zac took over the cotton bud and wiped the blood off his wound. “Why are you so caring towards Liv? You two seem to be more than just close friends.”

She chuckled. “Yeah. We’ve gone through life and death before, but she forgot about

it while I didn’t I know that Sis Liv is forever a kind person.”

Chapter 118

The Larson’s Residence.

A few hours passed. No one came by, and Olivia felt like John probably did not care about looking for her.

How would he have time for her with Dorothy still around?

She did not even know if she wanted him to look for her or not.

Just like that, she walked around the yard aimlessly, and many images flashed through her mind, both joyful and sorrowful ones.

‘It would be great if my father was still alive...’

Suddenly, someone called her name.

“Olivia Larson?”

She looked over and was stunned for quite a while before she asked, “Aaron Summers?”

“Liv, you still remember me? It’s been so many years since we last met. Are you still working in the design field?”

Olivia was taken aback. If he did not remind her, she would have forgotten about the fact that she majored in design.

She shook her head with a wry smile. “I haven’t touched design for quite some time.”

Aaron let out a sigh of pity. “What a waste. You used to be the top in our major, Liv. I happen to have a project going on, but the timeline is a little tight, and it’s just a minor project to design a pair of rings. Would you be interested? It might help you get back into the swing of things.”

Olivia was touched by the offer, but she was still a little cautious. “What brings you here?”

“Oh, it’s such a coincidence. I just came back from abroad, and I forgot that we’ve moved to a new place, so I came here instead. I figured that since I was here, I might as well take a look around, and here I am now with you.”

Aaron used to be Olivia’s neighbor as well as her course senior in college.

Both of them studied fashion design, and Olivia used to be the number one student in their course. Everyone expected her to further her studies in Ferances, but surprisingly, she stayed back in her home country.

Later on, she met John and gave up on her career for love.

Over these past two years, her entire mind had been devoted to getting her man back to her side. Her career was something outside of that main focus.

If Aaron did not mention it, she would probably never step back into the design industry.

“No rush.”

That being said, Aaron took out a name card. “Here. If you’re interested, bring the name card and go to the address above to find me.”

Olivia hesitated for a bit but still took the name card.

She had fantasized about having such a business card herself, but after reuniting with John, he was the only thing that remained in her future and fantasies.

“Oh, right. Since you’re back, why don’t we take a walk around?”

“Sure.”

The two of them walked side by side, not speaking much. It was as if the understanding was mutual.

This entire area seemed to have been abandoned followed by the fall of the Larson. family. The man-made pond was still here, but it was overgrown with weeds and had lost its initial lively atmosphere.

Suddenly, a sharp braking noise came from behind, followed by John’s icy cold voice.

“Olivia Larson, I figured you’d be here!”

He had looked through all surveillance cameras in the city and finally saw Olivia near the Larson’s Residence.

He thought she was alone and had come here because of the scene yesterday, but who would have thought that before he even got out of the car, he would see her talking and laughing with another man?

'What a cheap woman!'

John grabbed Olivia's wrist and shackled her in his arms. He then said in a low voice, "Olivia Larson, you never have a moment to spare, huh?"

Aaron was shocked. "Liv, this is...?"

Olivia was in pain and did not want to respond at all.

John held an icy cold expression. "I'm her husband."

After saying that, he threw Olivia into the backseat of his Maybach and went in himself.

Chapter 119

"Olivia Larson, will you die if you don't have access to a man?"

"You already have one in the hospital, but you still want another one?"

Olivia frowned, trying to break free from John. However, both her hands were being restrained by him, and she had no way to run.

"John, what are you talking about? It was just a coincidence!"

“Coincidence? Do you think I’ll buy that?”

“Believe it or not, that’s the truth. What can I do about it? I can’t force you to believe anything now, can I?”

“Is it because I brought you to see your brother yesterday? Is that why you’re acting so ignorant now?”

Everything was fine until he mentioned Ian. Olivia had been beyond heartbroken after seeing her brother.

‘How did my precious brother become that cruel man?’

She raised her hand to struggle, and she scratched John’s arms with her nails. “John Freeman, you shameless douchebag! Why did you give my brother to that b*tch Dorothy Ellis?! How could you?!”

“What do you mean?”

“I’m scolding you and your mistress! Beat me up if you want to. It’s not like you’ve never done that before!”

John’s heart trembled, and a weird emotion rose in his heart.

Back then, Olivia would have fought back and scolded him, but now was different, it seemed.

At some point, he suddenly realized that the only thing left in her bright eyes was death and despair.

“John, I said I’d only be sad if you forgot about your promise! But yesterday, you broke your promise from seventeen years ago on purpose, not because you forgot about it Was it really necessary for you to force me into a dead end for Dorothy’s

sake?!”

John suddenly leaned toward her and kissed her. He was so possessive that he wanted every bit of her.

“Olivia Larson, I’ve warned you many times that you will forever be mine and only

mine, even if I don’t want you anymore! Don’t even dream about getting with another man in this lifetime!”

“John Freeman, you’re such a lunatic! This lady here doesn’t love you anymore. Are you satisfied now!?”

John pinched her chin and questioned her with scorching eyes. “What did you just say?”

“I said I don’t love you anymore!”

As soon as she finished talking, he kissed her hard to shut her up.

He did not want to hear such words coming out of her mouth!

“Say that again, and I’ll kiss you until you stop!”

Olivia looked at him with tears of despair. “I’m tired. I don’t want to love you anymore.”

John clenched his teeth and glared at her. Then, he kissed her even harder until she could not even breathe. Only then did he let her go.

“Why?”

She was about to break down. Olivia punched John’s chest with her fists and cried while asking, “Why, Johnny, why?”

It was he who deserted their past and crushed their future with his own hands.

Yet how could he be so demanding as to not let her leave yet forbid her from either loving or hating him?

“What do you want me to do? Johnny, I love you. That’s why I got jealous, yet you call me wicked for it. When I say I don’t love you anymore, you call me indifferent. What else am I supposed to do for you to be satisfied?”

“I want you to be by my side forever!”

After saying that, John sneered. “If not, how am I supposed to get revenge on you?”

Boom!

All of her beliefs crumbled at that moment, and she stared at John with deadly eyes.

Her heart shattered into pieces. If not for the child in her stomach, she would have jumped out of the car and killed herself.

‘But I still have my child...’

She wanted to abort the child before, but...

After all the torture and hardship, the child still managed to survive. It was a miracle. That was when Olivia felt that she was destined to be with this child, so she was

determined to give birth to it even if it would cost her life.

Chapter 120

She closed her eyes, letting her tears flow freely.

John did not bring her back to the Cliffside Villa. He instead brought her to another apartment.

He carried her into the bathroom and prepared a hot bath for her. Then, he reached out to remove her clothes.

She subconsciously closed her eyes and backed off, thinking that John was about to beat her again.

This scene made him feel a twinge of pain.

He frowned and was slightly annoyed. "Forget it. Take off your own clothes, and take a shower on your own. Everything you need is outside, and you can stay here tonight. Dolly won't disturb you."

He stood up and added. "I'll come back tonight. Remember to cook dinner."

After saying that, he went out, closed the door, and instructed two bodyguards to monitor the front of the apartment.

After confirming that John was gone, Olivia took the pill bottle and name card out of her pocket.

The name card was wet, so she carefully wiped it with her dry clothes. 'Luckily it's still legible.'

She needed seventy million to buy the Larson's Residence, so she was really in need of money.

She took a shower, swallowed her medicine, and rolled into bed. She then noticed the bag at the top of her bed. It was the bag she left in the Cliffside Villa.

She took it and found her phone inside. Tons of missed calls were displayed on its

screen.

'Zyla, Zac, John...'

John had called her 60 times spanning yesterday and today.

For some reason, her heart ached inexplicably when she saw this.

At that moment, she felt like John was right about her.

'I am indeed cheap. If I wasn't, why would I still love him?'

She recalled stealing a glance at Dorothy's fertility report, so she changed her SIM card and texted Dorothy anonymously.

[Does your man know that you're infertile?]

[Olivia Larson is pregnant, and you're infertile. Do you think you can hold onto this any longer?]

Dorothy replied very quickly.

[Who are you? What do you want?]

Olivia sneered and typed with her slender fingers.

[Money. Three million.]

[Are you insane? Three million? Why don't you rob a bank?!]

[You have one day to think about it. If you don't want to do it, I'll send the report to Mr. Freeman, and we can see what he says.]

Dorothy could not guess at how much John loved her, especially when he had declined her call earlier today.

She dared not risk it.

[Okay. I'll think about it.]

Upon getting the reply, Olivia switched back to her original SIM card and deleted the chat history.

'I'll let her get a taste of her own medicine and experience how it feels to be anxious!'

In the afternoon, she took a two-hour nap before getting up to cook dinner for John.

Although they had not eaten together for a very long time, she could still remember John's preferences.

He liked to eat beef and spicy food, but he disliked coriander.

There was beef in the refrigerator, so she made beef bourguignon, a salad, and

mushroom soup.

Just as she finished cooking, the door opened.

She took a quick glance and saw that it was John. She then curtly said, "Wash your hands, and come eat dinner."

John took a look at the dining table, and his heart trembled slightly. He had not eaten Olivia's cooking for a very long time, and he was now realizing how much he had

missed it.

They washed their hands and sat opposite each other, not saying anything.

John took some beef. He could already sense something upon tasting it. He frowned slightly, but still swallowed quietly.

He then took another slice.

"The beef is nice today."

Olivia looked at the coriander in his bowl. "You don't like coriander, right?"

"I guess my tastes have changed."

Olivia suddenly snorted. "I guess so. If you can accept a woman like Dorothy Ellis, it's not a surprise that your tastes have changed."